

The Manifesto.

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No. 11.

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HISTORY OF SOUTH UNION, KY.

No. 13.

FEB. 14. Most of the Brethren and Sisters are up all night watching the premises, as great excitement prevails throughout the town on account of the rumor that Bowling Green is on fire, and the Confederates have threatened to burn our village.

At two o'clock, a. m. some of the same company that had been with us the day previous, pass through the village, leading some ten or twelve horses that they have taken from our neighbors. Some were robbed of every horse or mule that they owned. A little boy of twelve years, Thomas Rule, had come to the village on an errand for his sick grandfather. He rode a beautiful horse. We hastily had the horse taken to the rear of one of the buildings and carefully guarded till the robbers were out of sight. He was soon on his horse and reached home in safety, but in a few days his home was visited by the same gang and the horse stolen, although the owner was a good Confederate.

A company of wild, lawless characters are out stealing all the horses and negroes that they can and taking them farther to the south. They threaten to burn all the houses and mills on the line of the railroad between Nashville and Bowling Green. Our Brethren and Sisters are encouraged to be prayerful, and to seek the protection and blessing of God on our labors. It is a time of sorrow for all the Believers in the state of Kentucky, and we seem to be, largely, under the domination of wicked men. Some of the horses have been driven to the woods to hide them from the robbers, and the poor animals must suffer very much from the cold, during the night. Some of our neighbors not only tie their horses but also hide their slaves. One man took a load of his slaves and hid them in the woods.

One night we carried almost every valuable article out of the Trustees' Office, as we were afraid the building would be burned.

Feb. 15. Three inches of snow fell last night, but as no buildings were burned we felt quite well. At eleven o'clock a company dash up to the Woolen Factory. They alight and enter the mill.

Robbers.—Can we get some cloth?

Brother.—You can not.

Robbers.—What is going on down stairs?

Brother.—Nothing. Some ladies are there.

Robbers.—We do not want to disturb the ladies. I must take off this canteen or the ladies will think I have been drinking.

They concluded not to go down stairs.

We learn that the Federals are in Bowling Green. We can distinctly hear the canonading, and see the smoke from the buildings, which the Confederates set on fire before they left.

Robbers visit the East family again this evening, and act like mad men. They threaten to burn the buildings. They search the stables for horses and then go into the cow barn and after much coarse and vulgar talk they leave the place.

Feb. 16. Mercury stands at 15 deg. above zero. The coldest day of the winter.

The Confederates threaten to burn all the mills and say that the Federals shall not have the mills to make flour in. This makes a very anxious time for our Brethren and Sisters, and a company of them go down to our Woolen mill to protect the property as well as they can.

Sabbath, Feb. 17. How thankful we are for the protection of our heavenly Father. May we be worthy of this kind protection.

At three o'clock p. m. a company of Union Cavalry ride in front of our family Dwelling. They are well armed. Their appearance is very different from the Confederate soldiers. In a few minutes Elder Solomon went and spoke to the Captain, and made enquiry about Bowling Green.

Captain.—I guess matters are getting about right there. Have you seen any soldiers before who have just the appearance we have?

Eld. S.—We have not. These are the first Union soldiers we have seen.

Captain.—How long since you have seen any Confederate soldiers?

Eld. S.—We have not seen any for thirty-six hours.

All the Brethren and Sisters seem to be very grateful for this change of scene. We carry out to the soldiers some pies, bread, apples and milk, and all is thankfully received. They talked freely about the destruction of property at Bowling Green. What the Confederate army could not carry away they were piling up in the streets and setting it on fire.

As Br. Jefferson and those who were hauling the sugar came in sight, the soldiers were anxious and enquired, "What does that mean?"

Two of them dashed off in a hurry to find out.

After a short interview they all went east, saying,—“We shall be back in an hour or two, and some of us may want to stop over night.”

Br. Urban informed the soldiers how our horses had been taken from us; and one rough-looking fellow remarked,—“That is right in the usages of war. If I was in need of a horse, and could get it in no other way, I should do the same.”

This remark made us a little suspicious, perhaps we were talking to Confederates in disguise. Possibly we had been too confiding. Looking toward the East family, we saw the flames arising and our imagination was at once aroused, as we thought of the buildings at that place, and the distress of the Brethren and Sisters. Several of the Brethren mounted their horses and went to ascertain the cause of the alarm. On their return they were sure that the soldiers belonged to the Union army and were only obeying orders to burn the bridges, to prevent being surprised by the Confederates.

The Brethren assured them that there was no real danger, and the soldiers very considerably closed their work of destruction. We were now assured that these were Union soldiers, and the O. V. C. on their caps was—Ohio Volunteer Company.

Some of these soldiers returned and remained with us for several days, when they were confident that no more harm would come to us.

Feb. 18. Union soldiers are now constantly passing through the village. One hundred and fifty Cavalry stopped here last night, about two hours, and were treated to some bread, meat and milk. They did not wish the people to get up and cook for them, and this consideration seemed like a great kindness.

Feb. 19. One hundred and ten Union Cavalry call for breakfast. We are right glad that we can give them some good coffee.

If a battle had been fought at Bowling Green, and the Confederates had been victorious, they had contemplated making a hospital for the sick and wounded, at South Union. But that penalty was not inflicted upon us, and we have great reason to be thankful that we escaped.

Feb. 20. Ninety Union Cavalry of the fourth Kentucky regiment pass through our village on their way to Greenville. Corporal James Pike, of Texas, is very sick with the ague, and not able to go with the company. Several soldiers are now boarding at the Trustees' Office. Three of this company visit our neighbors where they find two sick Confederate soldiers. They make the men promise to support the government of the U. S. and then taking away their guns, return to the Office.

They visit another southern sympathizer, but all the white people are hid from sight. On their return they tell the story and say they shall go again. They made three visits and on the third they found one of the family. They asked him for some liquor.

The young man said he had none. The soldiers said they knew better and should have some of it.

Frightened by this threat the liquor was brought in. The soldiers told him to drink some. He said he did not wish to drink any; but they commanded him to drink some, and finding himself in so close a place he drank the liquor. The soldiers then drank and soon ordered the young man to show them every room in the house. On their return to the Trustees' Office they told their story as something very amusing, and laughed heartily.

Feb. 23. Five soldiers attend Divine Service with us.

Feb. 24. The two Brethren who have been in Union Village about three months, return to South Union. On learning that the Union troops had entered Bowling Green they were very anxious to return.

Feb. 26. Seven box cars and four platform cars that have been in the possession of the Confederates for some six months, are taken by the Federals and sent to Bowling Green. The Union soldiers who board at the Office prefer to sleep on the floor, and have their weapons near them. A watch is kept out all night. Some of our horses are kept in the woods. One night one of them broke his halter and came neighing to the stable gate. The guard gave a shrill whistle and instantly the whole company were out of the house to ascertain the trouble. The Brethren also went out and finding one of our horses, put him in the stable, and soon all was quiet again.

(To be continued.)

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

Lydia Staples.

It was but yesterday, on woodlands wild

The sweet brier twined its strong and thorny stem

With leaves of green, and set its blushing gem

Of pink, where fell the shades that day beguiled

And early sunbursts where the morning smiled.

But now, when brown leaves skirt the forest's hem,

The hazel wears its tawny diadem,

And follows on, a lonely pilgrim child.

Again its time to bloom will come and go,

We may not see it in the lonely way,

But, in that love which bade its gold to blow

Along the flowerless paths in autumn grey,

We can like it, though late, a chaplet bring,

And lay upon life's shrine, an offering.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

(WRITTEN FOR THE SELF-IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.)

HEALTH.

Martha Burger.

TO my understanding this little word comprehends a meaning that is magnificent; that for which we express our aim in the motto of our society; "Harmony of being; physical, intellectual and spiritual." "The wonderful harp of a thousand strings," all attuned to the divine thought of our Creator. Of the various departments of our being each has its laws, and these should be studied systematically, and obeyed in the love of truth and in reverence to the God in our own being.

One has written, "Cultivate the physical forces exclusively and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only and you have an enthusiast or maniac; the intellectual only and you have a diseased oddity, it may be a monster. It is only by training all together, the physical, intellectual, social and spiritual faculties that the complete man, the true image of God can be formed."

We, as a Society and Order of people, have opportunities for such training unequalled by the greater part of the human family. In the neglect of these we must not only bear the reproach which will be manifest in our individual being, but we shall be responsible for our short-comings in the lessened power for good which we might otherwise exert upon the lives of others. On the present occasion we will limit ourselves to a few remarks and rules relative to our physical being.

Among the Ancient Spaniards it was an adage that "every man at thirty was either a physiologist or a fool." I suppose we should all like to be certain as to which class we belong; and will therefore be willing to give some attention to the structure of the "house we live in."

First, a few words upon the vegetarian diet may be in place, as there are still in our own time many intelligent and earnest reformers in some lines, who hold that animal food is essential to health and strength; but to us this seems a mistake even in theory, when the best authorities on the subject teach us that as human beings our anatomical structure is decidedly graminivorous rather than carnivorous, and the weight of evidence in favor of physical endurance is on the side of the former, in races, nations and all burden bearing animals.

Aside from this, to all who are striving to develop the divinest and most interior faculties of being, ethical considerations are paramount to all others, and the more refined and spiritual natures turn with abhorrence from the scenes of the slaughter house and meat market, and shrink from the idea of slaying innocent creatures and mingling their dead bodies with the life blood of their own, while favored with soil and climate adapted to rich harvests of grains and fruits.

Being thus blest and having also abundance of the best and purest of all beverages gushing from our hillside, and so situated that we may breathe deeply of the exhilarating mountain air, we realize the worth of the only genuine blood purifier, and may enjoy that priceless boon of health and happiness which all the contents of a drug store would be powerless to bestow. It is well for us in eating and drinking to observe use rather than pleasure, and accustom ourselves to regular habits.

Condiments and stimulating drinks should rarely be used. The skin should be kept clean and active, the temper even, and the mind contented; thus we may indeed make of our bodies "temples of the Holy Spirit."

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING.

By Mary K. Emerson.

WE sometimes discontinue a course of well-doing, simply because we do not fully realize, our well-doing is doing well, or in other words, do not see the immediate result of our efforts and think, 'cause is or should be followed promptly by its effect. So, many a noble work though well begun, fades away before that negative, wilting, withering power, discouragement, or what is worse, is laid aside as impossible, impracticable and unworthy of further consideration. Thus, consigned to the tomb of forgetfulness, another may feel it folly to attempt its resurrection, or renewing, being so condemned. When the real cause of its failure and unfortunate termination, is our blindness and impatience. Blind, because we do not consider that all growth or development, whether natural or spiritual, is by slow, progressive steps. Impatient, because we look for fruit too soon after the planting; for harvest too soon after the sowing. There is a close analogy between the natural and spiritual. From nature, that never failing source of knowledge and beauty where God holds forth in grandeur and loveliness, truths for the happiness and uplifting of mortals, let us learn lessons in patient well-doing. Innumerable examples are afforded us by the wonders of scientific research.

The great variety of strata, the deposits of ages found at great depths below the earth's surface; the coral reefs, the untiring work of the coral insects; achievements of wind and wave, also the gradual transformation of the acorn into the mighty oak, still, the humblest instruments oftentimes teach us the greatest lessons in patient well-doing, because they are accompanied with humility, sweet angel guardian of thought and act. Thus each atom of matter so minute, does well its work in forming the general mass. The rain-drop, even after it has lost its identity absorbed by withering grass, wilting leaf or parched earth, keeps on renewing with life-giving power, or aided by the sun-beam acting prismatically, assists in reflecting the beautiful colors of the

rainbow. Similar examples meet us on every hand and in the great economy of nature, in her decay is life.

She only sinks to rise again and continue in well-doing. Let us therefore consider our motive in the putting forth of effort; its source, its object; is it for fame, notoriety or the praise of men? Or is it for the holy purpose of doing good in a quiet, unobtrusive manner and being a co-worker with God, the "Father of Lights" and the giver of every good and perfect gift. Such a motive, having its source in the divine fountain, will, like a stream flow on with persistent activity, overcoming every obstacle in its way, while the heavenly echoes heard along its banks, help it on its course, until at last it reaches the "Sweet Summer Land" where, amid angelic greetings, it receives the commendation, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Correspondence.

BANGOR, ME. AUG. 7, 1894.

ELDER HENRY:—Your favor of the 6th inst. came to my house to-day. I am working in my Master's cause to help set free his erring children of earth and I have no time of my own to go and see you. Work, eternal work, not prayers, is what is going to free the captives bound in chains of darkness, and in prison. We can not bring in the Millennium in any other way than by working for it, and it is my opinion that we shall not have to work one third as long, if we go to work in earnest, to bring it in, as the people have been in praying for it. Faith and prayer are of but little account without works. We must plant and cultivate in order to have a harvest.

The Shakers have been praying for nearly fifty years for an increase, and all this time have been growing less. Now let them go to work in real earnest regardless of dollars and cents, to bring it about, and I believe their efforts will be greatly rewarded. "Perpetual vigilance is the price of liberty."

All that is worth having is worth laboring for, and the article of our good brother, A. W. Dowe, in the July MANIFESTO is right to the point and if all the Believers of the several Societies would act up to it they would become a power in the land for the liberation of mankind, from ages of errors and superstition.

Your brother forever, to spread the light of truth,
SIMON EMERY.

ERRORS, like straws upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

Dryden.

C. C. C.

By Ernest Pick.

THERE are many people who would give almost anything for the qualification of a F. R. S. L. or F. R. S. or even the less pompous M. A. or L. L. D. attached to their name, but are too old or otherwise hindered to spend the necessary time and application to study that wins such distinctions.

But as long as we have not got through with the school of life we need not lose all hope and begin training and aspiring for a distinction equal, if not superior, to all the high-sounding titles that colleges or societies may confer upon a person. Now C. C. C. looks fully as well as D. D. and is fraught with meaning and importance, nor can we attain it without much study and a persistent application of all the lessons that life and its experience teaches.

You will look in vain for the meaning of C. C. C. in Webster's Unabridged; I, therefore, will give you a detailed explanation of it. The first C. stands for *cool* and applies to the body. Many persons are born, live and die without ever getting on friendly terms with their next door neighbor, their own mortal body. Yea, more, as if by all means they intended to ruin his welfare they feed him with things they could not be persuaded to offer to dogs or pigs, let alone their horses and cows. Now it is of great importance for our happiness to keep our body in good condition and working order, by investigating its real needs and best methods of supply. We would think it an insane proceeding to "water" our stock with whiskey and beer to insure their strength, or to increase their tone or spirit with coffee and tea. Still men think it is good for them, and the world spends many times more money for these articles than for bread and flour. Such unhygienic drinks added to any amount of improper food create an unhealthy quality of blood which irritates the most vital organs, like heart, lungs and brain, while passing through and feeding them. The whole body is kept in a more or less feverish condition, subject to contagion and disease.

At the other hand a body built up with the most simple and natural food will constantly keep in a pleasant, *cool* equilibrium, not easily thrown out of balance even if exposed to exceptional conditions for a long time.

The second C. stands for *calm*, and applies to the mind or soul principle. Very few persons have a distinct idea of the division between body, soul and spirit though they frequently use this classification of the three fold composition of man. Especially the last two elements are often ill understood, and confused as to their distinct nature and functions. This can be made very clear to the understanding by first putting the body entirely out of our consideration. Then only two objects remain for investigation; of these the ever-ebbing, ever-tiding element is the soul; it is the battle ground of our

lower and higher self, upon which defeat takes turn with victory, and where grief follows closely unto joy.

Experience in life's happenings, and the necessity of our coming out victorious will teach as the most profitable choice for us; to be *calm*, like a good captain during a wild storm or a strategist in a fierce battle. Self-knowledge is of greatest importance; next to self-control in gaining that *calm* mind which alone will insure our happiness.

"He to whom sorrow is the same as joy,
And joy the same as sorrow,
May thank God for his equanimity."

With the third C. we enter the realm of the Spirit,—our highest attribute. It stands for *comfortable* in its original meaning (cum-fortis-strong) strong in spirit (Not as this word is usually used implying ease or repose.)

The Spirit is the highest attribute of man's nature, it is the part of God within us, it is the immutable, the divine of which we must get fully conscious before we can realize a close union with God.

There is no battling or wavering in the realm of the Spirit, no weakness, no uncertainty but all is decision. There is strength that knows no weakness, victory that knows no defeat.

"He to whom time is the same as eternity,
And eternity the same as time,
Is free from all contention."

We may well perceive that it will take more than a term of three or four years in the college of life, before we graduate and become C. C. C.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

FAITH.

By Mabel E. Lane.

WHILE on the sea of life, what faith is mine,
I walk upon the wave, nor fear the tide;
When earth-born ebon clouds arise and hide
The azure sky, like Bethlehem's star 'twill shine
And lead the way to perfect light, divine.
'Tis like the form of Christ when storms betide,
It whispers to the soul, "Oh e'er abide
In God, and kneel at Truth's pure, sacred shrine."
The voice of doubt speaks not of holy peace,
Nor of the gifts we covet as the best.
Thus while I hold this light within my breast
My soul shall know no failing, but increase
In that pure way whose blessings ne'er will cease,
Not e'en when passing life's severest test.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

By Sophia Wayne.

How lengthened seems each passing year
 As memory spreads her pictures clear,
 And brings again our loved ones near
 From the celestial shore.

We would not wish them to remain
 To undergo earth's grief and pain,
 Yet joy to know they come again
 To greet us as before.

Our mortal life is fleeting fast,
 Time's pilgrimage will soon be past,
 Will we regret to leave at last

 This tenement of clay?
 Yet some at thought of death have fear,
 They dread its presence drawing near,
 Terrestrial joys to them seem dear,
 No future hope have they.

Those who have comforts shared below,
 And felt not pangs of want and woe,
 Care not another state to know,

 Nor seek for purer bliss.
 Yet when the final change they meet,
 They find their heaven is incomplete,
 For barren paths await their feet,
 As they have walked amiss.

The poor, the lowly and despised,
 Who selfish loves have sacrificed,
 Rejoice in bowers emparadised

 And virtue's ways pursue.
 Adorned with flowers that bloom thro' prayer,
 The fruits of blessing grown by care,
 These shall the upright ever share,
 Whose souls are pure and true.

The Master, by love's impulse led,
 The naked clothed, the hungry fed,
 Yet had not where to lay his head
 In Palestine's fair land.

The mount he sought to pray and fast,
 Till, trials and temptations past
 Truth's golden hights he gained at last,
 The home where victors stand.

Though low is brought our nature proud,
 And deepest griefs our way enshroud,
 A silver lining hath the cloud
 That oftentimes veils the goal.

We shrink because of little faith,
 The change to life we think is death,
 Yet, know the grave no triumph hath,
 O'er the immortal soul.

Ballston N. Y.

ACROSTIC.

By Emoretta Belden.

WHAT shall I do Lord? Aets xxii, 10.
 Harken diligently unto me, Isaiah lv., 2.
 Abhor that which is evil, Rom. xii., 9.
 Turn to me, and I will turn to thee. Zech. i., 3.
 Set your affection on things above, Col. iii., 2.
 Holding faith and a pure conscience, 1 Tim. i., 10.
 And be not conformed to this world; Rom. xii., 2.
 Let love be without dissimulation; Rom. xii., 9.
 Live peaceably with all men. Rom. xii., 18.
 Incline your ear and come unto me, Isaiah lv., 3.
 Dread not, neither be afraid, Deut. i., 29.
 Obey my voice and I will be your God. Jer. vii., 23.
 Lay aside every weight and sin, Heb. xii., 1.
 Overcome the wicked one, 1 John ii., 13.
 Remember how I walked before thee, 2 Kings xx., 3.
 Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you. James iv., 8.
West Pittsfield, Mass.

It is always easy to count our trials and difficulties, but we should not be unmindful of the sweet scented gardens through which we pass, nor of the angels of comfort with whom we frequent, who present us with heavenly flowers, which in our hearts die not, neither lose their sweetness, the blossoms of faith, hope, innocence and love, and the white lily of purity which I would guard most sacredly from aught that would wither or blight.

C. Allen.

EVERY thing that exists that can be conceived of, material or immaterial, shadow or substance, can be named as one word (viz.)—Energy.

O. C. H.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

WE are inclined, sometimes, to think that it almost needs a special inspiration in order to be able to do good, and instantly our minds are carried to the words of the apostle, "When I would do good, evil is present with me."

If unfortunately our conditions are such as to hold us under unfavorable influences, then it may well be said that an inspiration is needed to keep our feet in the path of right.

To be good and to do good, is indeed, a very simple sentence, and at first thought might be laid aside as of little value. But when we speak of our pilgrimage though this life, and the great responsibility that devolves upon every one to so live that the world may be made better by our presence, then those little monosyllables become wonderfully magnified in their influence for righteousness and peace.

God is good,—and that in a superlative degree, but inasmuch as we are recipients of the spirit of good, in that same degree are we god-like, and are made able to be and to do good on our pilgrimage toward the Holy City. No order of religious profession, nor any system of ancient or modern ceremonies can do for an individual or for a community what may be done through the influence of this simple sentence.

To live in the spirit of consecrated righteousness is to live in the inspiration of God. It is allowing the inspirational light to shine into our own hearts and no less into the hearts of those around us. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."

A deeper and a better inspiration now enables the soul to be a pillar in the temple of God, and its quality of goodness must determine its value in this sacred place. Certainly its whole life is now absorbed in doing good.

The whole of the Christian mission has for its foundation the work of doing good. It was to the poor that the gospel was preached and they soon learned that it was, to them, the glad tidings of great joy. The deaf were made to hear, the blind to see and the lame to walk. All were healed of their infirmities and sent forward on the mission of doing good to others.

The establishing of a Christian Community which Jesus entered upon so soon as he began to preach was included in his mission of doing good, and it was from this incentive that the apostles were able at a later date to establish an organization that represented the Christianity of Jesus in

its perfected state. When the twelve were engaged in their evangelistic work they appointed one to take charge of their financial interests and to provide for the company as circumstances demanded.

This was the first lesson of consecration that was given out by the divine Teacher. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he can not be my disciple," and in conversation with the rich young man, Jesus was free to tell him that he had not where to lay his head. That is, he had no selfish home, and when Peter spoke for himself and his brethren, "Behold, we have forsaken all to follow thee," he was in a corresponding state. It was the brotherhood of Jesus. All that the disciples possessed was consecrated to the good of the Community.

Here begins the work of mercy and of charity and of deep interest for the good of mankind at large, and this leads us to this conclusion. To be a follower of Jesus the Christ, one must forsake all that he hath. He must become as said the apostle,—“Crucified to the world.”

Here then is the opportunity to be good, agreeably to the instruction of the Teacher. There is nothing very mysterious about it, and it requires no extended time in which to study the simple lesson of consecration. If we are diligent pupils in this school of Christ we shall regard the Teacher in that he says,—“Learn of me.”

As he went about doing good, his disciples can do no less. And here comes the place where the inspirations from a higher source need flow into the mind and mould the thoughts, words and actions, agreeably, to the pattern.

Inspired! Can a man be otherwise than inspired if he accept “the wisdom that is from above, first pure, then peaceable, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy?”

Again we may profitably be reminded of the admonition of Jesus,—“Learn of me,” as it is so easy to be careless of the words we speak.

No one for a moment would believe that Jesus was indifferent to the influence which he exercised over the minds of others, or that he used a style of language, on any occasion that was below the standard of Christian propriety.

To do good requires of us a corresponding care, as the life of Christ must be that of a careful disciplinarian, and whether at home or abroad, nothing should be allowed to enter the heart that will not bear this test.

MY HOME.

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth."—PSA. xxvi., 8.

CANTERBURY, N. H. 1891.

Bright E - ly - sian fields of truth! Gardens of God's gifts di-vine!

Fountains of his bound-less love! Here's my home for - ev - er.

Musical score for the hymn "The Church of the Nativity." The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "Sa - cred home! all oth - er climes Pale be - fore thy wondrous light."

These will change as works of time, Thou wilt fail me nev - er.

THE MANIFESTO.

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All communications should be addressed to

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TERMS.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

September.

Thermometer.	Rain.
1893. 56.	10.125in.
1894. 64.1	5 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.	87 above 0.
Lowest " " " "	32 " "
Number of rainy days " "	13
" " clear " "	11
" " cloudy " "	6

C. G. Reed.

Oct. 1894.

THE protracted drought of summer is at last ended. Since the 10th of September, the needed rains have changed the sere pastures, orchards, and lawns to a thrifty and beautiful green and our mountain springs are again supplied.

Like the bee and the ant, which are so often cited as examples of industry, we

are gathering our winter stores, which the faithful toils through summer, aided by the sunshine and shower have given us.

I see by Notes from Harvard, that by reason of drought, apples though plentiful are small. It is not so here. Never in our recollection, has good fortune given us such a crop of colossal apples.

Through the September Notes, we could trace the visit of the loved Ministry and Elders from the West, and on the 1st inst it was our happy privilege to welcome them to Lebanon. We have enjoyed their association, more than pen can express, and especially so since though brief their stay, we could say "Home Again" to our worthy Elder Joseph Slingerland, who from early childhood, to mature and useful manhood, was with us through joy and sorrow, toil and spiritual growth. We are happy to "cast our bread upon the waters," though we may hunger ourselves, for by it we feel the benefits of a sympathetic cord of union and fellowship, with our Western friends which holds us all to our noble purpose.

On the evening of the 4th inst. our family were invited to attend with the Social Improvement Society at the North family, with our own loved Central Ministry, and friends from the West, and a profitable and delightful evening was spent. Flowers and sweet music both vocal and instrumental were appropriately interspersed with original productions of the class, both extempore, and prepared.

This revives anew the faith which has been ours from early life, that a perfect gospel growth, includes the entire being, physical mental and spiritual. It should purify both body and soul, quicken and consecrate the intellect, and refine every thought word and action.

These beautiful privileges which our gospel gives us, are authenticated by the words of Father James. "There is nothing too good for the people of God;" also by our Savior's promise "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness and all these things shall be added."

Amelia J. Calver.

North Family.

Oct. 1894.

THE harvest is past, the summer is ended and if we are not fully saved we know the essentials of salvation and hope by a faithful continuance in well-doing to be so some day.

Through all the vicissitudes of a remarkable spring and summer we have lived and been well cared for, and at the end have harvested very satisfactory returns for our labors all around.

When a young boy I heard a sermon preached from the text, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." Listening to the preacher I was inspired with a faith in Divine Providence that has been a stay and consolation through life. "Trust in God and do the right." Living up to our highest light, in the daily practice of gospel principles in the spirit of peace and union, neither drought nor flood, fire nor wind can destroy the confidence and satisfaction and benefits that will flow to us. Our reward will be to us according as we love and serve each other.

Our beloved gospel friends the Ministry and Elders of the Western Societies paid us a visit. We enjoyed a rare privilege which we much appreciated. On the evening of one of the days they spent with us, our "Self Improvement Society" entertained them. The Central Ministry and a company of Elders, Brethren and Sisters of the Church and Center families were also present. At the close very appreciative and encouraging remarks were made. Eldress Harriet expressed the thankfulness and satisfaction she felt as a spiritual parent to see her young charge making such earnest and successful efforts to cultivate their minds in all that is good and beautiful and useful, that they might thereby be of greater service in the cause they have espoused. Taking up this thought Elder Daniel remarked that Elder Frederic used to say that young people brought up under our care were

more credit to us if they excelled us in virtue and knowledge than if they were behind.

During the meeting the question was asked by one of the Sisters, "What of the future of Shakerism?" and replied to by another Sister. Which at the close of the meeting called forth a few remarks.

Whatever the future may have in store for the Shaker Institution, Shaker principles are imperishable and are finding wider and firmer acceptance continually.

The question for us is "Has the Shaker Society leaders to put it upon a basis for the better and more complete practice of its principles." Time will prove. I for one will trust in the spirit of God in my Elders, Brethren and Sisters and strive to do the right myself.

Walter S. Shepherd.

Shakers, N. Y.

North Family.

Oct. 1894.

LATELY, while thinking upon the subject of thankfulness and realizing the importance of showing gratitude for the many blessings we enjoy, we found an extract from a poem by Celia Thaxter, entitled "Courage" which we copy.

"Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine."

The cultivation of the faculty of looking on the bright side and contemplating the blessings of life, rather than the ills is a necessary one, especially in these times when the daily press is filled with catastrophes and the elements of the physical world seem to have declared war on humanity, destroying the means of sustaining life and often life itself.

In the struggle to grasp the lion's share of material blessings, man forgets the rights of his fellow man, until the demoniac forces are roused and are united with

the physical elements and it is destroyed, for the prophetic announcement will be fulfilled. "And the old heavens and earth shall pass away with a great noise," but we will "hide in the Lord's pavilion till the tempest and the storm pass by."

We will second the motion or suggestion by Elder Oliver and should also like to see our "MANIFESTO make weekly visits."

A silo 11x26 and 30 feet deep has been erected and at present writing, is receiving the corn fodder from the sweet corn after it has been picked and dried. Properly preserved ensilage is more relished by stock in general and the milk producing properties are greater than dry fodder.

To all lovers of Lima beans, we would say, try Burpee's Dwarf Lima, they are fully equal to the large Pole Lima in quality. We consider them a necessary adjunct to our garden.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Second Family.

Oct. 1894.

WHILE blest with cares and burdens, we might make excuses for some neglect of one duty, but instead will say, we will try and do better. We have just finished drying sweet corn. Had a good crop for this season as corn has not been good generally in this section on account of drought. We have had one frost thus far but it did very little damage and should good weather continue shall have more tomatoes to can.

We are busy filling silos. Apples are not secured. The crops in this section are good as were pears.

While we are harvesting temporal blessings, may the Giver of all good send us souls who have conviction, and a desire to leave the world and its sinfulness. As the harvest is great and the laborers few, may the vacuum caused by departed and departing saints to the shores beyond, be filled, and Zion again flourish and grow.

When we cast a mental glance over Zion's spiritual condition and ask,—Lord when will the forty years in this spiritual

wilderness be over? the answer comes,—though few the number, yet like Gideon's Army there are too many yet who will not lap the spiritual waters. Let us gird on the armor of strength, and like the few Spartans who stood in the pass, stand as firm in the spiritual gap and bid defiance to all weakness. Union is what we need, which binds us together with one feeling; that the spiritual cloud must be lifted and we will work together to that end.

Isaac Anstatt.

Shaker Station, Conn.

Oct. 1894.

"IN the world ye shall find tribulation," said Jesus, "but in me ye shall find peace." In a worldly life there is no shield from trouble and sin.

Thousands are seeking for peace and happiness in sinful pleasure but they find it not, that aching void is still in the heart. Sin promises joys but pays sorrows.

Self-denying struggles bring sweet home peace and never ending joy. The true cross-bearer is sure to win though long and severe be the struggle.

Only as the heart advances in purity does the spirit move on over the rough sea of nature, to the haven of peace.

Let us contend for peace.

"The baobab tree, in Asia is considered one of the most wonderful of the vegetable creation. It appears that nothing can kill this tree, hence it reaches an astonishing age as well as enormous size. The natives make a strong cord from the fibers of the bark, hence the trees are continually barked, but without damage, as they soon put forth a new bark. It appears impervious to fire, and even the ax is resisted, as it continues to grow in length while it is lying on the ground.

* * * * *

It is well to feed a variety of nutritious food to hens and chickens in moult. Hens are now in annual moult, and chickens in first natural moult. Poultry raising is a business that can be commenced with very limited means.

Daniel Orcutt.

South Family.

Oct. 1894.

How lovely and consistent is the order of the seasons as they come and go. The harvest is nearly completed for the present year, and for the bountiful blessings which we have received we would be truly thankful. The potatoes which it was feared would be a short crop on account of the dry season has yielded fairly well and very good quality. The corn was also a fair yield. Our silo has been filled with an extra quality of ensilage. We used several different varieties of corn. Hickox sweet corn proved very good, the large western corn made a great growth but was considered unprofitable, much of it was thirteen feet in height, but there was three times as much stalk as fodder, while the corn we have grown here for years gave the best results of any, there being three times as much fodder as stalk, and an average of $1\frac{1}{2}$ ears to a stalk. This is a flint corn and a phenomenal yielder. It took eleven acres to fill our silo of 150 tons, so we must yield the palm to others, but will try to do better in the future. It took about four days to fill the silo the cutter being run by steam power. There has been some painting done on our buildings the past two weeks which improves the appearance of our quiet home. Have not the unwearied labors of the summer been rewarded? While many are suffering from want and hunger, we can reap the benefits of labor, and industry, in having all our wants supplied, while many destitute ones call at our doors for bread.

The health of our family is good, and for all these blessings, thankfulness prevails.

Maria Witham.

Enfield, N. H.

Oct. 1894.

"THE harvest now is over, the summer days are gone."

Our silos are filled and corn all gathered. We have had an average crop of apples,

which we finished picking on the 9th. The potato crop is below the average, which is never very large with us, at best.

This summer the old seed-house near the Ministry's Dwelling has been taken down, and since the ground has been leveled, it adds quite a little to the children's playground.

Some of our buildings are being shingled and repaired in various ways, which means work for "busy hands." Our roots are nearly all dried and cut.

We are fast getting short of water for power for our mills. Our large reservoir on the mountain is lower than for many years. We are still blest with enough for domestic use. Everyone is wishing for rain.

We heartily sympathize with our gospel kindred who have been visited by the fire fiend so recently. We hope the end of it has come, as three fires in about a month, is quite enough to hear about.

G. H. Kirkley.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Oct. 1894.

BELOVED ELDER HENRY:—We are reminded of the pleasant duty of writing a few lines for THE MANIFESTO, in regard to our home.

The days of the harvest are passing. Potatoes are already stored, a sufficient crop for home use and some to sell.

We are now gathering the apples, of which we have an abundance for cooking, for drying and for eating. Many barrels are being packed away for sale and we shall have more than usual to make into cider for the Shaker Apple Sauce.

Sweet corn seed is secured and drying; ensilage cut and silo filled.

The young Brethren have been quite interested in raising vegetables and melons. O! the melons have been delicious that they have furnished for the family table! They took a collection to the New Gloucester Fair. One squash weighed 76 lbs. and a tomato over 2 lbs. One of the young

Sisters found a wild ripe strawberry September 21st.

By consulting the Office Register we find 1250 names of visitors who have called upon us since the opening of the summer season.

The autumn woods are perfectly beautiful now.

Sunday afternoon a meeting was held on the shores of Sabbathday Lake. From our windows we could see them baptizing the people. We know not from whence they came nor whither they went but we do know that at the same time, we enjoyed a most heavenly meeting and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Ada S. Cummings.

Alfred, Me.

Oct. 1894.

WE enjoy reading the Home Notes in THE MANIFESTO which tells us what our Brethren and Sisters are doing in our sister Societies; and perhaps there are others as interested to know how we are prospering.

The last week in August and the first in September, the Brethren carried to the Factory from ten acres planted, five hundred dollars worth of sweet corn, and later one hundred and sixty tons of corn ensilage was stored in the silos. The Bordeaux mixture did not save the potatoes from rust as was hoped. The worms also have troubled them, but we have harvested nearly six hundred bushels which is enough for home use and some to spare.

The time between haying and harvesting was used in removing stone from land that formerly was an orchard and has not felt the plow for eighty years. The work done has improved it greatly but a number of years will be needed to make the work perfect. We can not say much for the fruit crop excepting apples of which we have a fair quantity. Of garden vegetables we have a good supply and they are of good quality. Onions and turnips took the first and second premium at the Sanford Fair.

We are pleased to have all know what

our faithful Brethren have accomplished, but must add that the good Sisters have not been idle. They have kept Br. Henry Green busy at the mountains and at the sea-side disposing of the pretty baskets made by their busy hands. The young people have had no time to tempt the adversary, and while their hands have been busily employed, they have not forgotten to keep the remainder of our Mother's injunction in giving their hearts to God in earnest supplication and prayer, that conviction and deep searching may enter the heart and cleanse each soul.

They have felt as a young Sister of Watervliet once wrote us, "When I am feeling right in my spirit no task seems arduous." O the beauty of the gospel which gives us a heavenly relationship to every soul who will take up his cross and deny himself. We had a privilege of meeting with some of our gospel kindred from the Western Societies. How much we enjoyed their presence we could not tell, nor of the strength, love and encouragement we felt from them, suffice it to say, we gained such a love for them that we will strive to be as faithful; thus meet them again,—in Heaven.

Fannie Casey.

Canaan, N. Y.

Oct. 1894.

OUR protracted silence is not caused from a lack of interest in our little harbingers, by no means, for we are deeply interested in every effort made to spread the tidings of this blessed gospel, which we are zealously striving to keep by applying its principles to our daily lives that we may build up a home worthy to attract truth loving souls.

We have been greatly blessed the past season. Haying and harvesting all done and well done by interested, consecrated young Brethren and boys who though having worked hard have found true enjoyment in the labor because it was unselfish and therefore sanctified.

Our yield of potatoes is much greater

and better quality than for several years; the corn which seemed so doubtful on account of so much rain in the spring proves very good. While our neighbors and friends all around us have suffered inconvenience from the drouth we have had a superabundance of good sweet spring water, resulting from the provision made last year.

Our school-room is being repaired by which means better ventilation will be obtained, so essential to the health and happiness of both teacher and pupils who will occupy it eight months of the year according to the new school law.

So much for our blessings, now for our afflictions.

For three months we have been contending with whooping cough. Whence it came or how we got it is among the mysteries not likely ever to be solved.

We have had thirteen cases the youngest being a little girl three years old. May we never repeat the experience. By a deeper baptism of the spirit which shall quicken every faculty of the soul, we hope to learn how to avert such evils. "The wise man seeth the evil afar off and hideth himself," taking this for our criterion we must conclude that we are numbered among the foolish in this respect. It is the first time that Canaan was ever thus visited and we pray it may be the last.

We have just enjoyed a social time with our beloved Western Ministry and Elders and every such occasion tends to strengthen the bond of gospel friendship.

Emily Offord.

Harvard, Mass.

Oct. 1894.

As the papers have given a very distorted account of the fire which recently occurred in this village, we thought that a more detailed statement might prove acceptable to the readers of THE MANIFESTO.

On Sept. 20th at about 11-45 a. m. the cry of fire was heard, and we soon learned

that our large barn was in flames, and no possibility of saving it. Several animals were in the building, but fortunately, these were driven out. Some of the farming implements were also saved.

In about forty-five minutes after the alarm, the fire engine company from Ayer were on the ground and doing effective service in saving a large pile of cord wood, as at this time the barn was beyond being saved.

We also lost one hundred tons of hay three hundred bushels of potatoes, two horse power machines, one new cart, also a quantity of farming tools, and five hundred gallons of vinegar and cider. A smaller barn, an ice-house, a store-house for lumber, and several sheds were all consumed.

We succeeded, however, in saving our cider mill and the shed attached, and shall soon be able to engage in the making of more vinegar. Our loss can not be less than \$15,000, and having an insurance of only \$4,000

This is our first experience, in Harvard, of so destructive a fire, and although we feel our loss greatly, yet our hearts overflow with gratitude that our home is left to us. We have many thanks to render to the timely assistance of the fire department of Ayer, and to every one who afforded us aid in this time of our great need.

The cause of the fire must have been from some undue carelessness, as no engines, stoves nor lamps were in use about the premises.

Marcia M. Bullard.

South Union, Ky.

Oct. 1894.

AUTUMN is here with its soft, mellow light, and gorgeous coloring of russet and brown, yellow and scarlet, emerald and crimson, all so richly blending in one harmonious whole.

The yellow corn will soon be ready for the crib and the baldwin, pippin and genet apples are ready to be gathered, to be

canned, dried or stored away for winter use.

We have some good Brethren and would appreciate more. The farm hands are drilling in the wheat. The first two weeks in October, is the best time to sow it, in this climate. The little ridges and furrows that run across the level of a hundred acre field, looks very pretty to the eye. Then to think of how the little grains of amber-colored wheat that are dropped so regularly in the ground by the drill-mill, first through the chemic force of heat and moisture burst its hard covering and start a little rootlet in the ground and then a little stem upwards for light and air; then comes the stalk and blade and full grown grain ready for the harvest.

We had a picnic in the woods the past summer. The place was one within easy reach of home so that the young and old enjoyed the recreation of a day. We went also to the County Fair and to the dedication of a Methodist Church which bordered on our own lands.

James Curr.

Watervliet, O.

Oct. 1894.

WE have been blessed with several good showers since we last wrote for Home Notes. The order of the day is cutting up corn and gathering fall crops. We are also improving our time repairing, putting on a new shingle roof on our corn crib etc. We number thirty in our Society at present writing. We had the privilege of enjoying a few pleasant days with Elder Oliver Hampton at our Society recently. The writer had the pleasure of meeting the Ministry and Elders of Union Village at Dayton on their way to the Eastern Societies. May they enjoy a pleasant visit while in the east. We are having very good meetings here. Thursday evening we have a singing meeting, Sabbath morning a bible meeting, Sabbath afternoon meeting for exercise and in the evening prayer meeting, so we try to improve our time in doing good to ourselves and

others. We enjoy the good readings in THE MANIFESTO very much, and always make it welcome to our Society.

We herewith extend our love and blessings to all who are striving to build up Zion.

Henry W. Fredrick.

FIRE RECORD.

On the night of the 18th of September at a little past 11 o'clock p. m., we were awakened by a wild cry of fire. It was at the old Brick Yard family which has been vacated for several years, but used as a store place for drying corn, roots etc.

All the buildings of the Brick Yard family proper, were destroyed, except a small house. The Dwelling, Laundry, Dry kiln, Store-house, Seed-house, Sisters' dwelling, Brick shop and Office and the Office barn, with all their contents were entirely consumed. Brother Robert Valentine, Trustee, had all last year's crop of roots, his wagon, hay-racks and a large part of the farm tools and machinery, stored there. The value of the roots alone, was over fifteen hundred dollars.

Most of the buildings belonged to the Church family. The Brick dwelling and Office, and the Office barn belonged to the North family. The new barn put up by the North family some years ago was saved. The slate roof was its protection together with the earnest efforts of a few persons and a little water. All the buildings were insured, except the Brick dwelling and Office; which is one building. Total insurance paid, a little over five thousand dollars. It was undoubtedly set on fire.

Daniel Offord.

A Tribute to the Memory of Sister JANETTE ANGUS.

By Orrin Beaser.

LOVING Sister thou hast left us,
Laid life's heavy burdens down,
For a home in yonder mansion,
For the faithful soul prepared.

Long a patient toiler here,
In the vineyard of the Lord,
For the good of all around thee,
Ever has thy life been found.

Many souls have cause to bless thee.
For thy kind and loving care,
So unselfishly bestowed,
On every child of Mother's fold.

Never did thy faith forsake thee,
Though many faltered at thy side;
But trust in God sustained thy spirit,
Through each dark and adverse hour.
Oft we've heard her precious counsel,
To the young in days of yore;
Pleading with their thoughtless spirits
To uphold this blessed cause.

To live a pure and virtuous life,
Renounce the vanities of youth;
For treasures that can never die,
As lasting as eternity.

True unto each earthly trust,
Through the shifting scenes of time;
We feel thy pure and gentle spirit,
Has found a home of rest at last.

Where many souls who've gone before,
To realms where dwell the pure in heart
Will hail thee as their guiding star,
Blest savior from a life of sin.

No greater joy can souls possess,
Who consecrate their all to God,
Than love of kindred souls in Heaven,
Who from all evil are set free.

Then let us bear a daily cross,
Against each secret inbred foe;
That would involve our souls in loss,
While dwelling in this lowly vale.

That when our work is done below,
And our mortal race is run;
We may meet our Sister's spirit,
In mansions of the justified.

Shakers, N. Y.

THE love of God to an earnest devotion
in his service uplifts from the narrowing
sphere of self-pleasing aims, into the realm
of those soul-expanding ideals which are
crystallized in a life of holy deeds.

C. Allen.

In Memory of Sister CATHARINE WALKER.

By Sara Williamson.

THY spirit rests in peace 'neath angel care,
The angel ones who with thee unaware
Did all thy days with watchful wisdom guide;
With love and wisdom, all thy steps beside.
Thou hast gone from the dream of toil and
And turmoil, called the earthly life; [strife
And awoke to the new and sweet surprise,
That in gladness met thy wearied eyes.
And thou hast found, that kindness and love
And justice, weave in the realms above
The spirit robes of radiant light
That enfolds each soul that doeth aright.
And thy faith sincere, and thine earnest zeal,
Are set in thy crown to ever reveal
In its gems of light and beauty rare,
Each deed of duty and watchful care.
And to all who are faithful in deed and word,
In immortal life comes the rich reward;
When the Mother saith, "My child, well done,
Enter into thy joy, and receive thy crown."

Harvard, Mass.

AUTUMN.

By Ada S. Cummings.

COME friends who love the autumn time
And take a stroll with me;
Down on the shores of S. D. lake,
And view the scenery.

The leaves are turning brown and gold,
Combined with green and red;
While every tint of color bright
Seems waving over head.

The trees, so grand and beautiful
Are mirrored from the shore,
When the waters of the lake are still,
And the sun is shining o'er.

We'll linger here a moment now,
To us 'tis great delight,
For everywhere we turn our eyes
The woods are gay and bright.

The scenes of autumn beautiful
We love them in their prime
With zephyrs sighing thro' the trees
In indian summer time!

And as we gaze enraptured thus
On wood and lake so gay,
One thought unbidden comes, how soon
The beauty fades away!

And trees enrobed in loveliness
Must then be stripped and bare
For even now the wintry blast
Is lurking in the air.

These autumn days are warning us
Of winter sure to be,
When all the leaves have fallen off
From every branch and tree.

Thus earthly friends are leaving us
Their autumn being past;
And thus the winter of our lives
Will come to us at last.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

SHAKER STATION, CONN. OCT., 1894.

DEAR CHILDREN:—"Blessed are the pure in heart." The heart is the seat of principles and the fountain of action. If the fountain is impure, the stream will be impure. If your hearts are sinful, your lives must be wrong. If your hearts are pure, your souls will be lovely. All sin proceeds from the heart. Cleanse the fountain and the streams of thought and action will be pure. How can pure thoughts enter within, if the heart becomes a dwelling for sin? Guard your souls against the approaches of evil. Use every means at your disposal for becoming virtuous. Purity is the brightest jewel that can ever adorn your characters.

Get a good start for heaven. "Well begun is half done." Start with pure motives and high ideals of Christian life. How inspiring the thought. What golden opportunities are yours. Results of a virtuous life are glorious in actual fruitage. Virtue's path is pleasant and plain, walking therein is eternal gain.

Consider what evils may result from one wrong step. One habit, one sin, one companion, one book, may affect your whole life and character. "Take heed what you read." Bad books better no one. I want to say to those I find reading that which is improper, "Eschew that which is evil, cleave to that which is good," which will be as safe a maxim to follow with regard to what they read, as to what they do. Read that which will make you

think good thoughts and live good lives. Good books make one feel that truth and purity are beautiful and possible; they make it seem worth while to strive to live nobly. Pure reading refines and brings soul cheer, and gives us strength to persevere. Have pure reading, pure thoughts, pure hearts. Learn virtue, and when you learn from a book or elsewhere that which is wise and good, proceed at once to practice it.

Walk in the way of eternal life. May your peace be like a river and your joy, like the waves of the sea. May your years be many and bright with truth and virtue.

DANIEL ORCUTT.

In Memory of Brother
STEPHEN BOISSEAU.

By Louisa.

AWAY from earth and all its cares,
His spirit finds a rest
Remote from changing scenes of time
And all that can molest.

God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither shall there be any pain, sorrow or affliction. Blessed assurance. Oh! saddened weary mortals a little while longer and tears shall be unknown to thee; and we shall be rejoicing with thousands who like him have been freed from all those troubles. So try to live that when the sun of our existence sinks in night, memorials sweet of mercies done may shrine our names in memory's light. Not for thee our tears are shed, our sighs are given. Why mourn to know thou art a free partaker of the joys of heaven.

Finished thy work kept thy faith, glorious reflection! may we ever cherish the memory of the good example and faithful toil in loving gratitude. The departed Brother has heard the glad sound, welcome home, come take thy rest, for peace and happiness is thy just reward.

Gone but not forgotten, in the mind of every one. Blessed Lord, thou didst give and thou hast taken. If I could express in words, the feelings my heart contains, it would be only in a feeble way.

Pleasant Hill Ky.

Books and Papers.

EGYPT IN HISTORY AND PROPHECY, BY ROBERT PATTERSON. This little work of nearly sixty pages is an interesting and valuable historical collection of just that form to meet the needs of enquiring minds of every age. While it may have been written especially for that class called Infidels, and certainly they would not hesitate to read it, the church goers and Christians may be immensely profited by a careful perusal of its pages.

"Men and beasts, too, arise from the dead in Egypt, to preach to the living. Not only do we possess colored pictures and statues of men and animals; we have actually the men and animals *themselves*, preserved by the process of embalming."

Published by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH for October is a very interesting and valuable number. In the Contents we find—A study of Beethoven; How to study Strangers; The Ideal; What is a Dream? Sketches of Phrenological Biography; etc., etc.

Published by Fowler & Wells Co. 27 East 21st St. N. Y. Price \$1.50 per. year, 15cts. a number.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIEIO-THERAPY. October, Contents. The Temperature of the Body; Doctors and their Cures; Foundation Principles; Anti-Vaccination; The Pride of Company; Know Thyself; Social Purity; etc., etc.

Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind.

FOR the first time in his literary career Jerome K. Jerome, is about to write directly for an American audience. This work consists of a series of papers similar in vein to his "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," but addressed to American girls and women. The articles will begin shortly in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which periodical will print the entire series.

Deaths.

Mary French, at Watervliet, N. Y. May 23, 1894. Age 79 yrs. 7 mo.

She was gathered home as a sheaf of wheat fully ripened for the harvest.

I. Greaves.

Janette Angus, at Shakers, N. Y. Sept. 30, 1894. Age 84 yrs. and 2 mo.

UNDERNEATH the waves of time and chance, may we feel the deep ocean of God's love.

SHAKERS AND SOCIALISTS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Having just read in Monday's Tribune R. G. Horr's able article, "Socialism Run Mad," I wish to recommend, not only to Socialists, but to all of the thinking class in society, that they read it carefully and without prejudice.

The Socialists are striving for that condition which it is utterly impossible for them to realize, only in the Church of Christ's Second Appearing in the female—the Shaker Church—the Church of the "Great American Republic."

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." "The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage," but the children of heaven live pure, celibate lives in this world, and are engaged in establishing the Republic of Heaven on earth, where they have all things in common. An attempt was made after this sort by the Apostles at the day of Pentecost; outwardly it was a failure, but they left a spiritual seed behind which culminated in the establishment of the Shaker Church, 120 years ago. The seed took root then, and is now bearing its fruit.

The Shaker communities are so many signs in the spiritual heavens—manifestations of the signs of the times—of Christ in the female part of man.

Woman is the natural organizer of earthly homes, and much more so of heavenly homes. Your friend for equality,

CHARLES GREAVES.

Mount Lebanon, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1894.

MANNERS.

DID you ever think what beautiful manners Christ had? It is evident that in a few minutes he could make friends with a total stranger. What a charm his recorded conversations have! How courteous his greetings and parting words! Surely, if we try to copy him at all, we should try to copy his manners, for they are among the least of the beautiful examples which he set us.—*Selected.*